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Perils of the Past



36 2 5

Chapter 1 by jeffyb

Frantically she searched for her keys. Police sirens deafened the air as Jill dug into the pile of dirty laundry. She knew that the game was over. All those years of high-end bank robbery had finally caught up with her.

"Come out with your hands on your head!" announced a voice from a loud speaker.

In that moment she obtained a stroke of luck. Like lightning Jill found her keys and immediately headed for the closet. Adrenaline coursed through her veins as she opened her private safe to display her impressive cache of weapons, money, and passports.

Chapter 2 by intellikat



The fake moustache plastered above her thick, bee-stung lips was hanging sideways, but she affixed it in the vanity mirror before slapping a fresh clip into her uzi and darting past a window with a dark duffel bag in tow.

The sirens outside were just as loud as she lowered the attic steps and clattered up. The police were at the front door now, and she could hear their voices along with the readying of a breaching device. In the attic, she punched out a bubbled skylight and with great strength jerked her body up and through, following the duffel bag.

Thick tree branches shielded her from view, and in moments she was moving between the dense copse, over, and then down into a thicket of bushes and the woods beyond. Within a few

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A barn with a matte black finish and a white roof, surrounded by trees and shrubs.

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